

Please
Drink
MORE

Offer
Beer to
the Band

Give
Money



Please
Yell

WE
FART

MILK



Evil
Sperm

Good
Sperm



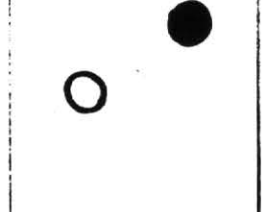
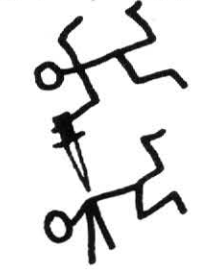
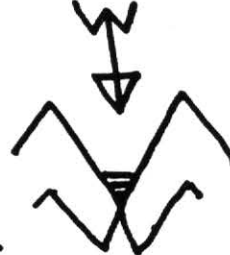
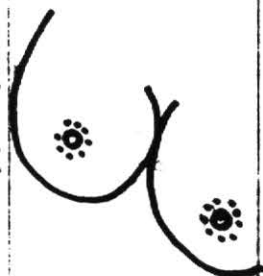
Just
some
shot,
+ thanks.



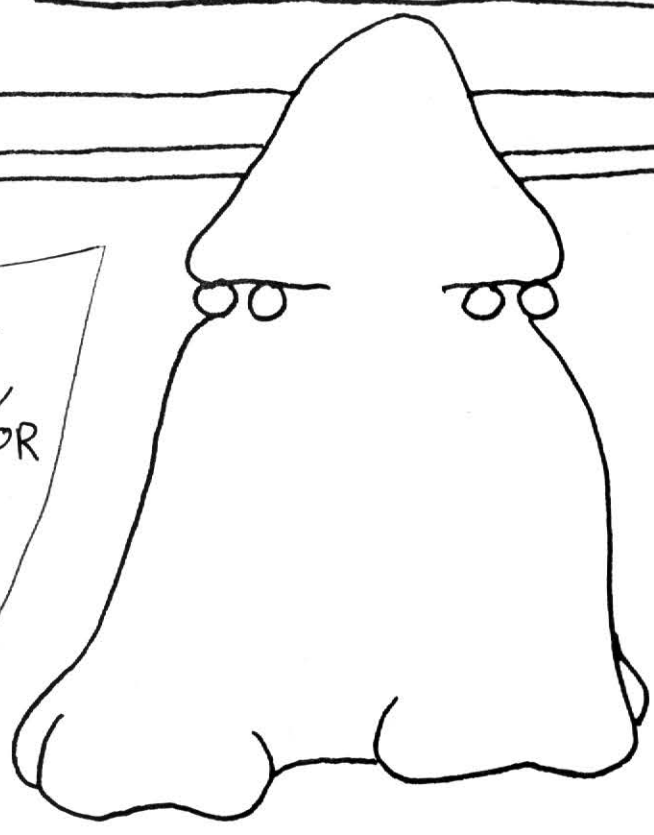
15th



Please,
Be Fucked



Tape and T-shirt
information AND/OR
Rude Literature
Available From:



JO'S NOSE

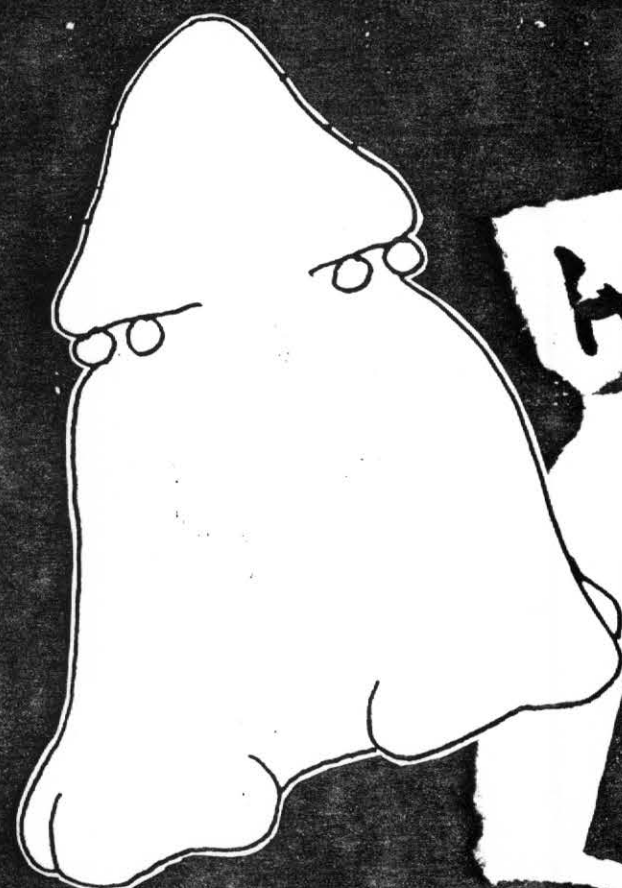


PETE



GILBERT

AN



NOSE

~~The ~~Awful~~ ~~Byron~~~~ BYRON

His name was Byron.
He lived in the basement.
I would say he was in his twenties.
His wife was Sue.
They were white.
Sue was very white.
Sue had pinkish eyes.
Byron had piercing black ~~eyes~~ holes for eyes.

Byron said he used to be a drummer.
In a rock and roll band,
And an Evangelist in Alabama.
And a vacuum cleaner salesman.
He always wore pointed shoes.

He liked to drink beer in my apartment.
I would always let him.
He always ~~had~~ brought the beer.
~~I would ignore~~
He would sit across the room.
In a big stuffed chair.
He was so skinny it looked like the chair
was trying to eat him.
He'd drink his beer and watch T.V.
He'd talk about Housewives he'd screwed when
he was a vacuum cleaner salesman.
He'd drum his hands on things,
And when he got drunk he'd talk about God.

Sometimes his wife would come up and get him.
Sometimes I'd throw him out.
Sometimes I'd just go to bed and leave him
there watching T.V.
And drinking beer.
He was always gone by morning.

In the corner of my apartment was a box.
It was full of ~~dirty~~ magazines from the 60's and 70's.
~~Like Playboy, and Penthouse~~

I had never looked at them.
I figured the previous tenant might come back
sometime to get them.

But Byron looked at them.
Byron liked the really old ones best.
He'd sit there in the big chair with only the
T.V. light.

He'd put one hand in his pants.
I'd go to bed and ignore him.
By morning he'd be gone. ~~and~~
But I knew he'd be back again.
Bringing beer.

To sit in the big chair.
And look at the magazines in the T.V. light.
And talk about God.
And whack his pud.



PRIMITIVE MUSICIANS ABOUT TO TUNE A TUBA USING A SHARP STICK AND UNWARY MAMMOTH.

AN EVENING WITH TIM GILBERT



WED JULY 20

VAMPIRES WILL RULE THE EARTH!



After a group of young people
have for a rock concert, an army of

ethal injection

way too wimpy

is morning, at 6 a.m. Central-
lard Time, I rejoiced with all of
rica when they took that low-life
Ted Bundy to the electric chair.
ot what he had coming, but it was
long overdue! Too bad he
ln't have suffered a more painful
languishing death like I'm sure most
s victims did.

ew Kansas is wanting to reinstate
eath penalty here. More power to
hope and pray we do! But please,
of doing these murderers — just
le prick in the arm and they go to
I'm damned sure their victims
t get off so easily. So let's pick
of the big three: number three
; hanging by the neck until dead,
er two being the gas chamber,
number one, last but not least, my
ite, the good ol' reliable electric

ese people need to suffer when
go out; they need to feel the
r, the pain and the anxiety that
made their victims feel! If Kan-
going to reinstate the death pen-
let's do it right and pick one of
bove.

t please, not by injection; it's a
y way of sending these low lifes
ir maker! If Kansas needs some
teers to throw the switch, they
ut my name on their list.

BILL L. WILLIAMS
Cheney

Daily Prayer

ach us, our Father, to live togeth-
peace, loving you so much that
iterness, discord and suspicion of
s disappears. We know that your
m can open wide the doors of
erhood. Thank you that it is ours
for the asking. Amen.

REMUS AND ROMULUS

—[are]—
GREAT SPECIAL EFFECTS!

THE BASTARDS

— sept. 23

Saturday —
Free

RANDOM

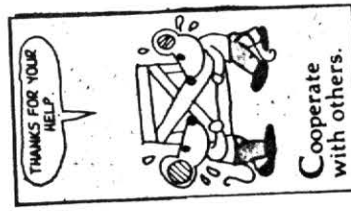
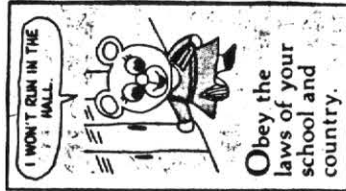


Directionless
FANATICS

HEADLESS
creeps

KIRBY'S

Good
Citizenship



GREAT VALUE!

Ice Cream (I scream)

I read in the classified section
~~that the local ice cream~~
that they were hiring ~~several~~ Route Drivers
for ice cream ~~and~~ trucks.

No Experience necessary.

So I go way out on the edge of town
where the blacktop turns to gravel
and there's this tin building
with a sign painted on the side
that says
"Barney's Ice Cream Vending"

A couple of rusty old broken down Ice Cream Trucks
were sitting in the weeds by the building.
There was a lot of gravel road dust in the air.

I asked a janitor with huge ears
where the boss was.
The janitor looked at me,
spit tobacco on the floor,
and pointed to an ~~door~~ office door.
I knocked.
A voice said "Go Away".

"I'm here about the driving job", I called out.
Nothing happened.

I was about to walk away when
the door opened
and a short, fat man with a New York accent said
"Can You Drive?"

I said yes.

"Can You Count money?"

I said yes.

"Can you start right now?"

I said yes.

Then he screams at a short, fat lady in the
back of the shop

"Hey Carolyn — train this guy!"

"I don't want to!" she screams back.

"I'm too sick to go out on a truck."

"Just DO IT, Carolyn."

A few minutes later

I find myself in a step van with a
load of ice cream bars and the like

And the sick lady's at the wheel
and some real smelly guy who looks like a drunk
is in the back of the van.

He begins telling me about
how a couple of years back

one of the drivers got in trouble

"Now I ain't going to say who... but..."

molesting little girls in the back of the van.

The ~~van~~ Carnival music plays.

I wonder to myself
how any one can buy Ice Cream
at 60 miles per hour.

The combination of the heat of the day,
the smell of the drunk in the back of the van,
and the hellbent driving of Madame Sickness
makes me feel ill.

Every once in a while we grind to a halt
on some back street
and Madame Sickness bellows
"What do you want"
at the wide-eyed children at the edge
of the street,
some of whom drop their little fistfuls of coins
and run away.

Mr. Drink gets their ice cream bars and popsicles
from the freezer in back
while Madame Sickness picks up loose change
in the street.

"NO", she screams at one little boy

"YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY."

NOW GO AWAY AND DON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE."

"You just gotta know how to handle the little shits"
she says.

"And watch out for their parents."

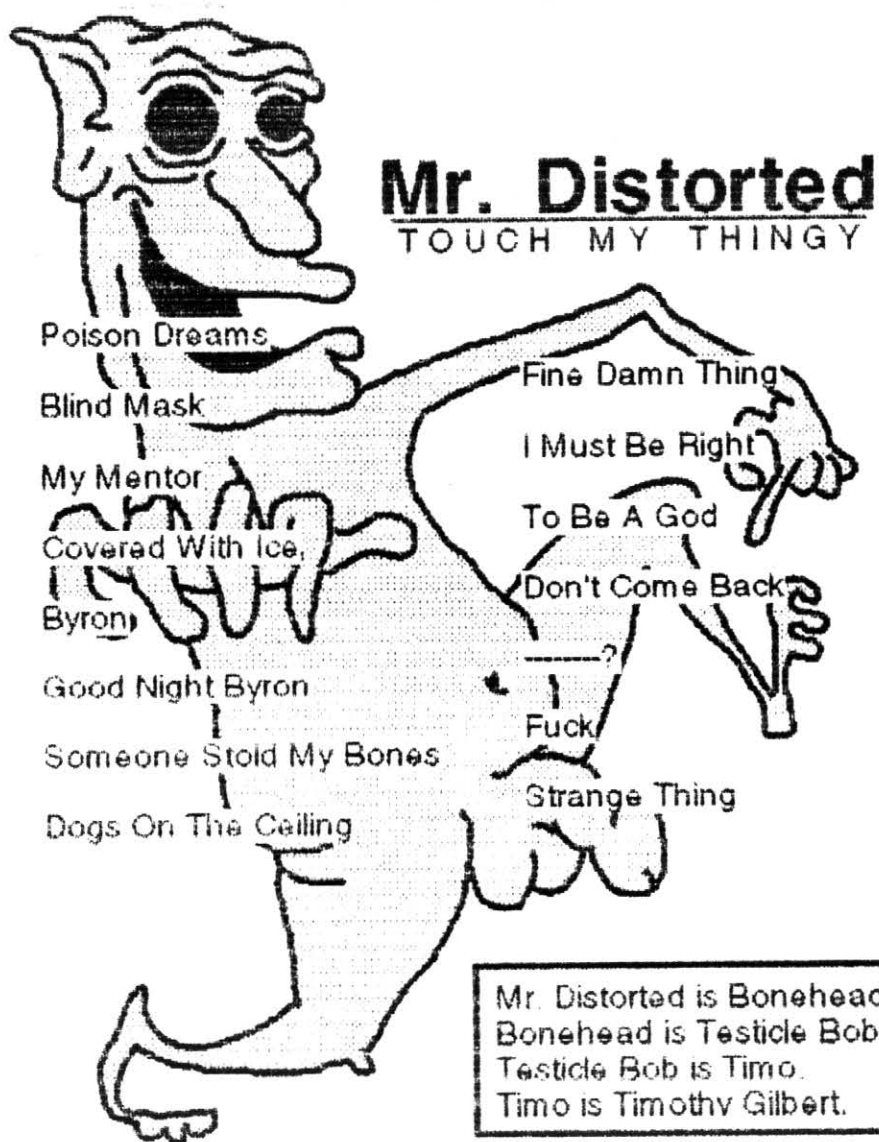
Carrening around a corner
we scatter several kids on bikes.
Some fall down,
Some yell at us.
My ~~stomach~~ nausea grows.

Once I thought we hit a dog,
but I wasn't sure.

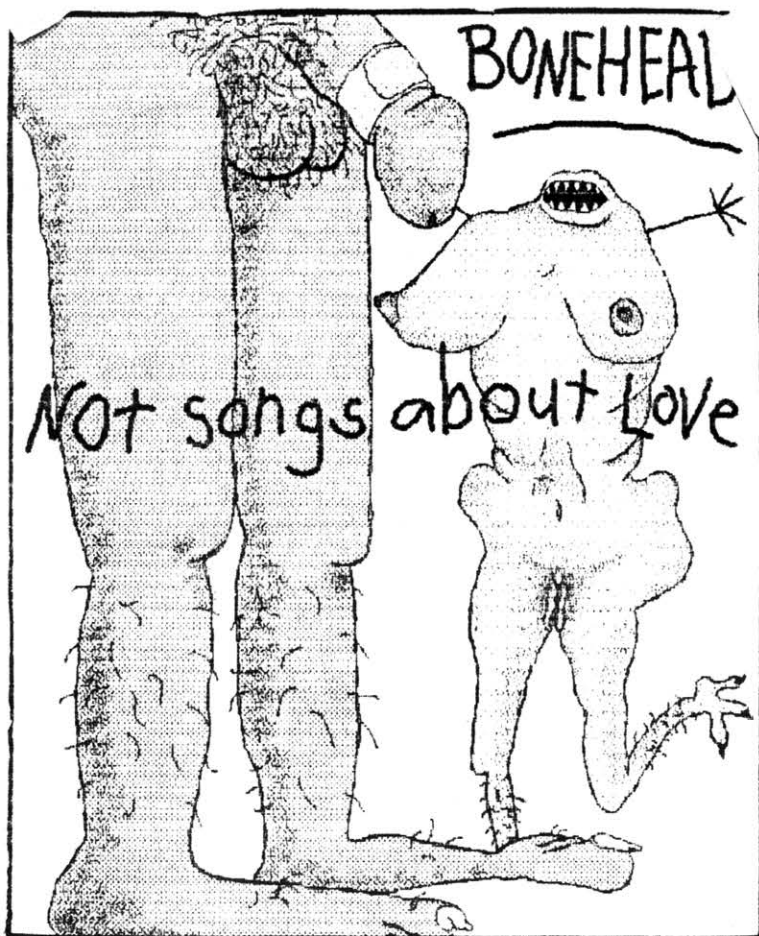
"Wanna drink?" asks the bum in back
holding out a liquor bottle half full of brownish liquid.
"Not yet" I say

I don't remember much after that.
I just wanted to go home.

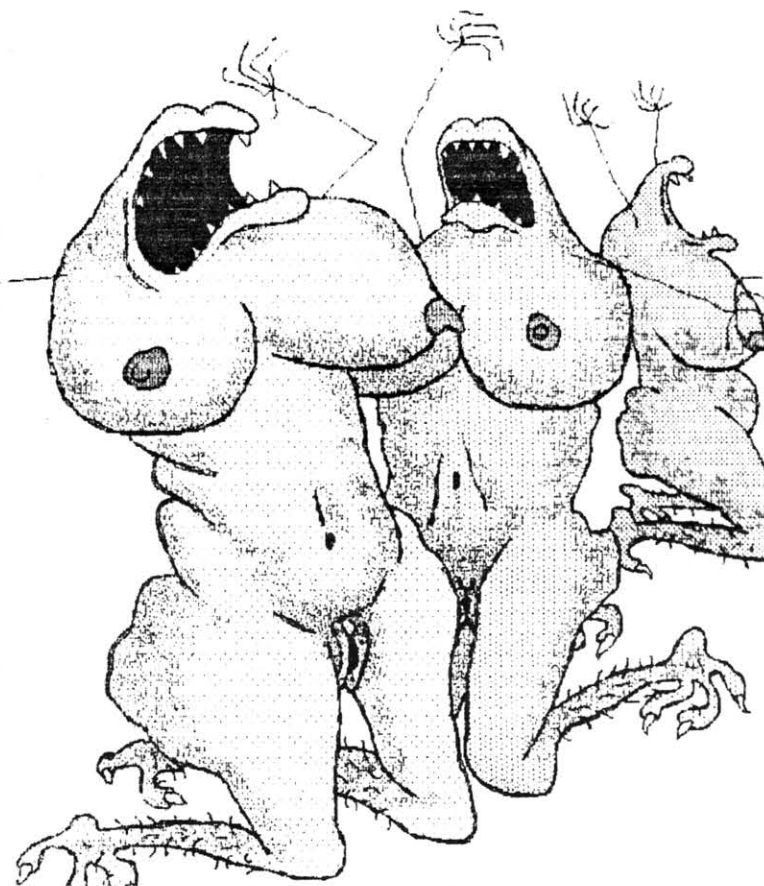
I nearly puke when I hear carnival music.

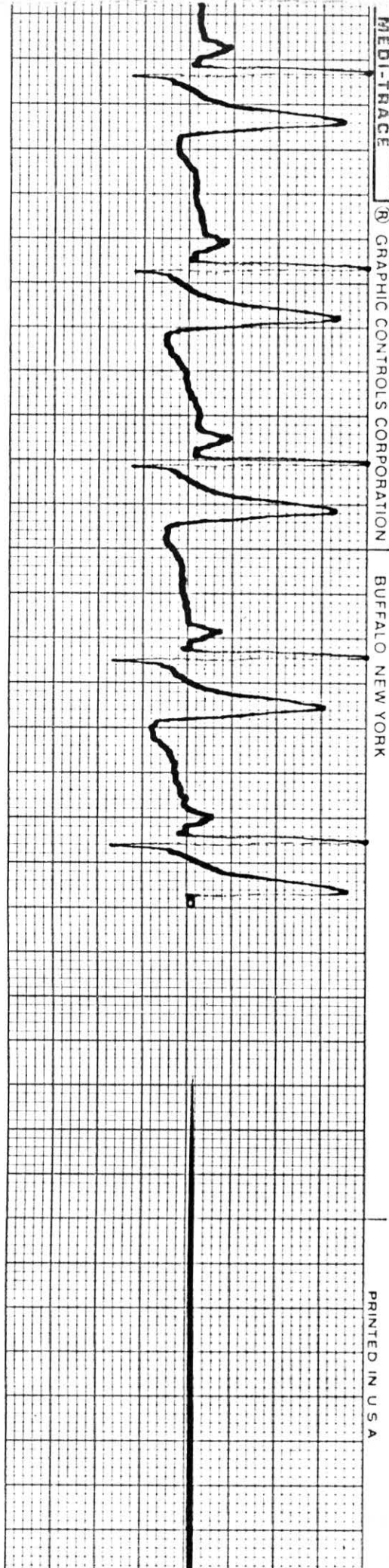


Some venues for live music operate a "Pay to Play" scheme where bands must pay for the honor of playing there. Find out which places in your area do this and burn them to the ground. Repeatedly kick the living shit out of anybody who supports such places.



Then one day the slags discovered penis envy...





HR 68

HR 0

EME

ST. JOSEPH MEDICAL CENTER
Wichita, Kans.

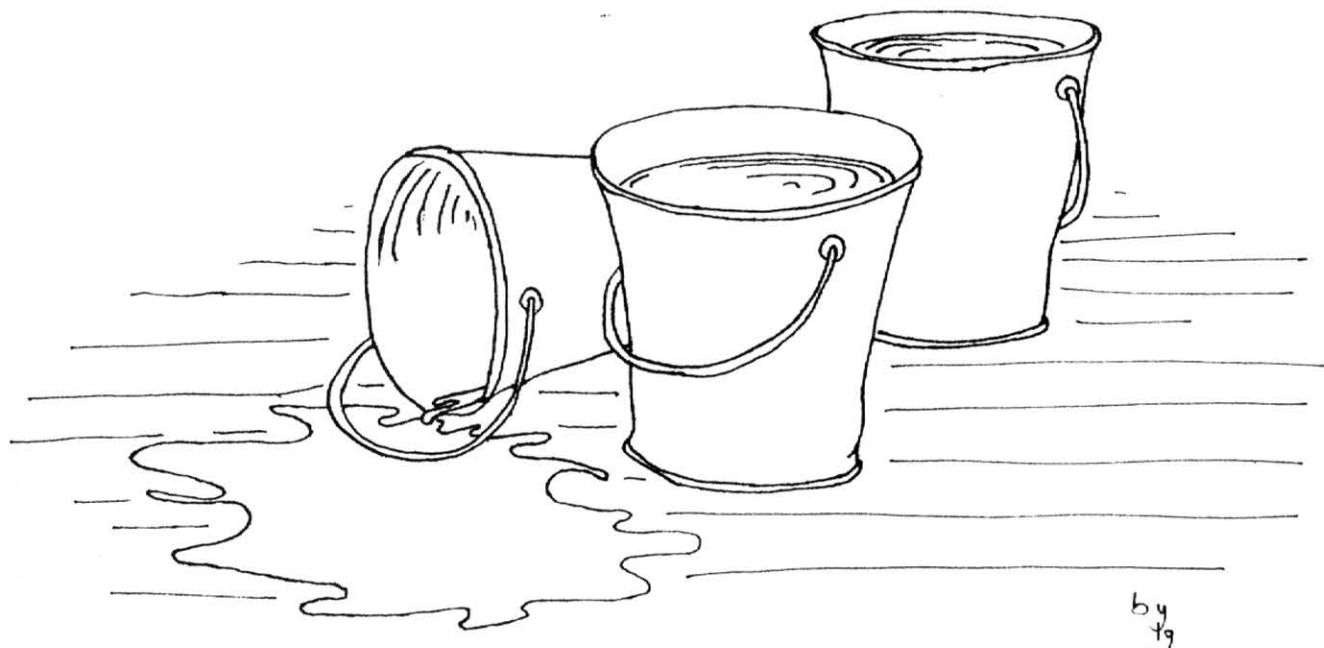
GILBERT, TIMOTHY L E143684
SEX: M DOR: 12/09/59 DR: HOLMES, JED

AL'S GARAGE



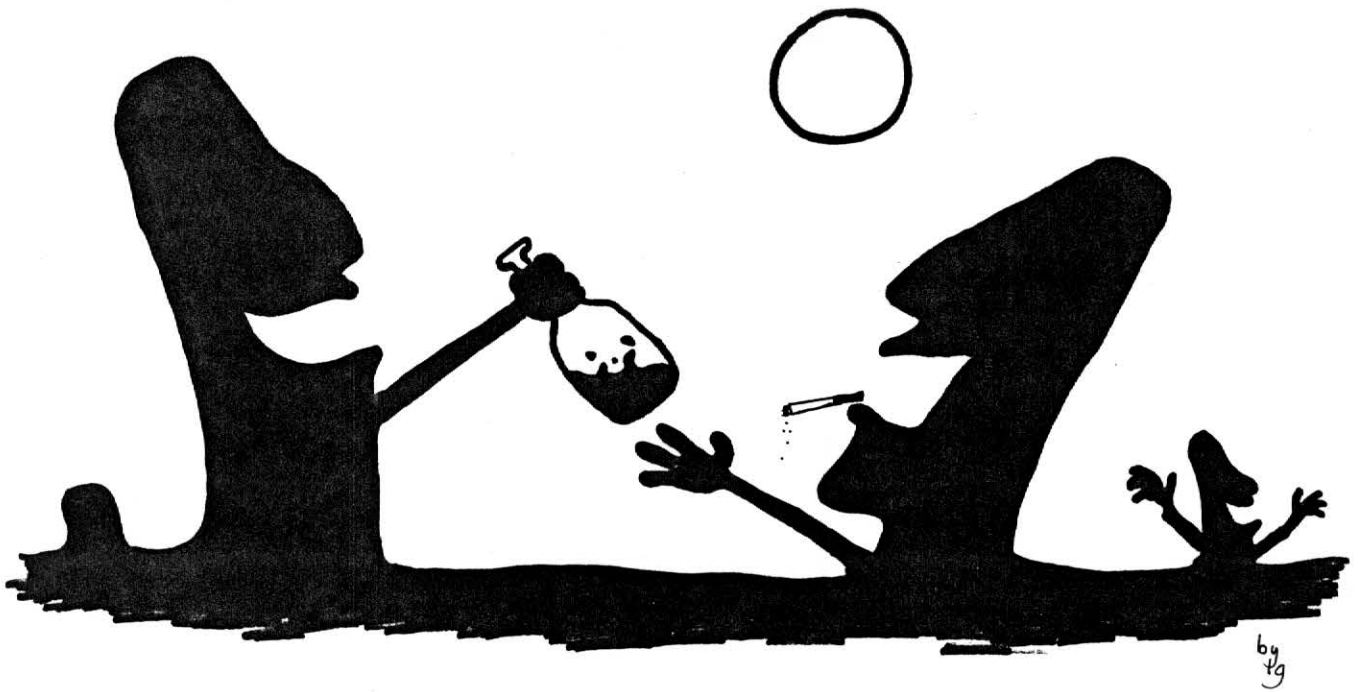
It's had this banging noise since I let my husband out in Houston.

Igloos of the Southwest



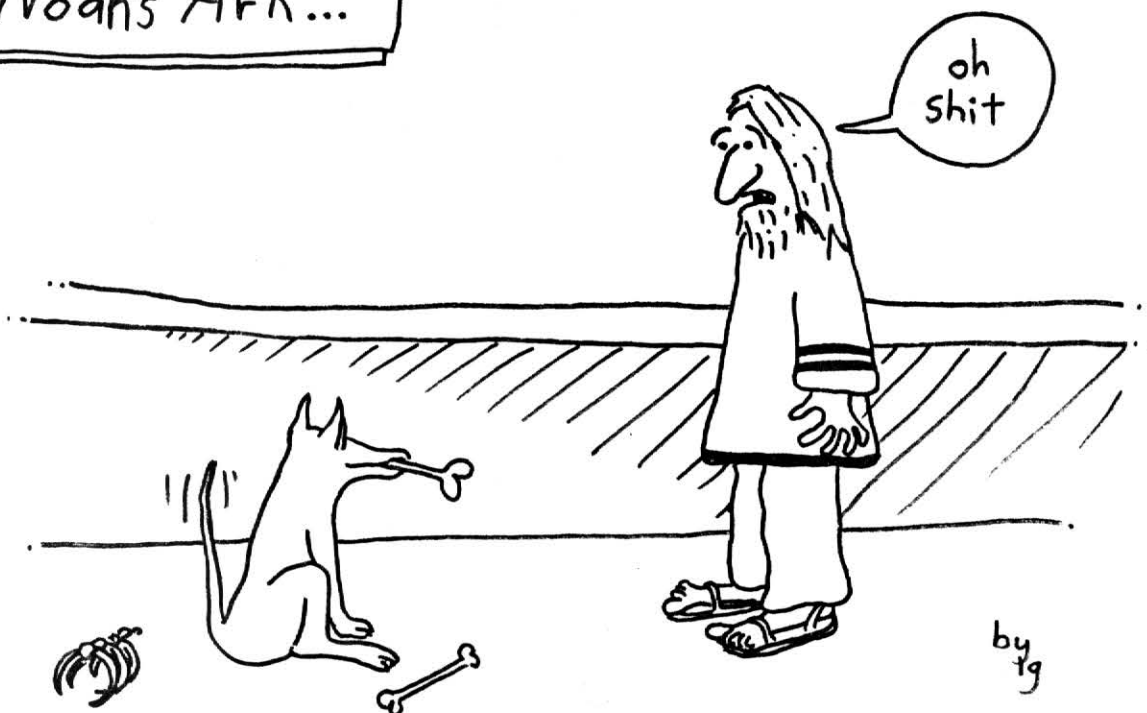
Service Elevator





Saturday night, Easter Island.

One day aboard
Noah's Ark...



Fall Down Go Boom

Silver bird on flightless wings
Falling across the sky
iron horses they do stampede
now they're running on an empty sigh
~~no~~

how long have I been hovering
above the pinpoints of light
who is this lady confronting me
why does she tell me it's all right

There must be something wrong
the "no smoking" light is on
I see an orange glow
through my window

just a moment ago
I was sleeping so
now I've awoke
to the smell of smoke

Fall down go boom



As the pressures of his job and failed marriage grew more and more unbearable, it was inevitable that one day George would reach out and touch "Puree"...



Good Night Byron

What's that?

I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.
Did you say anything to me?

Oh no -

I really don't mind at all
if you sit and watch my T.V.
Pound

By the way,
could you give me a beer
One more and then I'm off to bed

it's quite alright
Just turn everything off
I'm sorry I didn't catch what you said
Pound

You sit a leaf through those magazines
you're got your housewives in your dreams
you're wishing you had your dramstick
you pound away upon your dick
and somehow you don't think it's odd
hidden away from sight of wife and God
and like a vampire in the night
you've disappeared by morning light

good night, Byron, good night.

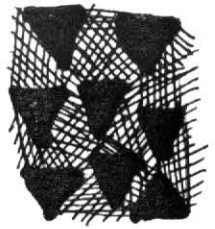


MILK

J

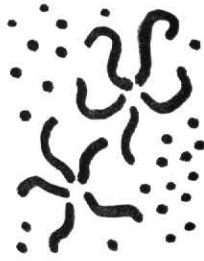
JES
NOSE

JOE



J J J
J J J
J J J

JES
J NOSE
S E



JOES
J NOSE
J

BLOW
ME
J



B
T K
Flowers

J



BOZO
AND
DIK



J

JOES
NOSE



+

J J J
J J J
J J J

